Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feele it.

Samp. Mee they shall feele while I am able to stand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us sir?

Samp. Is the law on our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What? art thou drawne among these heartlesse hin
Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy sword,
Or mannage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee Coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partisans, strike, beat them dow
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*: hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife 2. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steele,
Will they not heare? what hoe, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines,
On paine of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.